

A SQUALL IN THE HONEY-MOON.



It's too bad, we have only been married two weeks, and—she's got my breeches on.



The Yankee Beauty, that was so ugly he was afraid to sleep alone.

Bad Memory.

A village pedagogue in despair with a stupid boy, pointed at the letter A, and asked him if he knew it. 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, what is it?' 'I knows him very well by sight, but rot me if I can call his name.'

March of Education.

In the learned city of Toronto, the other week, a lady was rebuking her servant for some fault or neglect of duty. All at once the lecture was interrupted by the pert damsel exclaiming, "stop, Mrs — that is shocking to educated ears. If you are to scold me at all, I beg you will do it grammatically."

On an Ugly Man.

With such a nose and face you dare not look
In the still lake or in the tranquil brook;
Or else you're sure to meet Narcissus' fate,—
He died from love of self, you'll die from hate.

To be let, or to be sold, for the term of her
life,
Elizabeth Hall—by the way of a wife;
She's old and she's ugly, ill-natured and thin:
For further particulars enquire within.